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the Evening Post, the Even-
ing Sun, the Evening News,
the Evening Telegram, the
Commercial Advertiser and
the Mail and Express.

A POOR SCHOOL POLICY.

It is neither justice nor good policy to
fail foul of the public school teachers
of the city in the fashion adopted to-
wards jobbing politicians because they
dare to oppose the bills by which it is
sought to drag the school system into
politics.

The public schools have occasionally
been subjected to criticism, and fault
has been found with some things in
the system not without reason. But at
no time has the character of the teachers
been assailed. To charge that a large
body of teachers "conducted themselves
like a Tammany gang," and showed that
"they are clearly incompetent to con-
trol and instruct children," because they
attended a public meeting to which they
were invited and made vigorous oppo-
sition to the pending School bill, is not
true, and will not be believed.

The charge of improper and unbecom-
ing action at Tuesday's gathering would
more justly apply to those who refused
to allow free discussion in a public
meeting and declined to put the resolu-
tions proposed by the majority to a
vote.

If everything about our educational
system was as clean and genuine and
capable as the teachers, there would be
little need of further reform.

HOW FOR NICARAGUA.

Great Britain intends to proceed to-
day to collect the amount of seventy-
five thousand dollars she demands from
Nicaragua as indemnity for the wrongs
done to Englishmen. It is said the
Custom-House at Corinto is to be seized
and the amount of the indemnity is to
be collected from the commerce of the
port.

It is very well understood by England
and all other European countries that
the United States will not allow any of
them to seize or occupy a foot of terri-
tory on this side of the Atlantic. But
the nation of the Monroe doctrine. But
we are not going to prevent any of them
from collecting their debts, and the
pleasure sum demanded of Nicaragua
would be soon obtained in the manner
proposed by England. Only in obtaining
it the creditor must be careful not to
inflict any injury on American interests.

The course of Nicaragua in this mat-
ter has not been altogether satisfactory.
She has evidently been anxious to draw
the United States into the difficulty.
But if she supposes this government is
going to help her to evade payment of
the claim unless England does anything
to warrant our interference she will be
disappointed.

IS INVESTIGATION NEEDED?

The looting of the Plainfield Bank fur-
nishes a little pleasant variety in bank
robbery. The thieves are supposed to
have come from the outside of the bank
and not from the inside.

There were no masked men, no re-
volvers, no "throw up your hands" ex-
clamation about the affair. The amiable
gentlemen who stand at the paying and
receiving windows with their faces to
the customers and their backs to the
vault were simply engaged in pleasant
conversation by supposed accomplices,
while the thief walked behind them
from the directors' room to the door of
the vault, picked up the two money
packages and walked out again.

Nobody in the bank seems to know
much beyond the fact that the money
was in the vault and went out of the
vault. Only that and nothing more.

The robbery is a very funny one, and
people will be puzzled to know how a
thief could walk through a bank with
at least three persons in charge, enter
the vault without being seen and then
walk out again with a package of bank
notes under each arm.

There may be something to investigate
after all.

NO MORE TALK.

Col. Waring has made up his mind to
keep his mouth shut. It is supposed
that a seal has been put on his lips by
the Mayor. At all events, the gallant
Colonel will talk no more, he says, on
the subject of the G. A. R. controversy,
or on any other topic at present.

The mistake the Colonel made was in
talking at all. It seems evident enough
now that he said what he did not mean
to say. He thinks with many others
that the pension business has got to be
a crying evil; that the looseness of the
laws has enabled a vast number of un-
deserving and fraudulent claimants to
get on the pension list, and that agents
have "worked" the business for their
own enrichment, rather than for the
relief of the veteran. But when he said
the members of the Grand Army of the

Republic are "pension bumers" he
said what was not true, and insulted
many brave soldiers who did real fight-
ing and not fancy work in the war.

The fact is that but few of the fraud-
ulent pensioners whose names disgrace the
list are members of the G. A. R. They
are not the sort of men who join that
organization. If Col. Waring in-
tended to denounce all pensioners as
"bums" he made himself ridiculous. If
he meant to imply that all members of
the Grand Army are "pension bumers"
he insulted some of the best and
bravest soldiers in the nation, and de-
serves all the criticism he has received.

Speculated and died a pauper.

Nat Jones, the plunger, died a pauper
in Chicago yesterday. In his time and
he was only fifty years old—he had
made millions in the Chicago wheat
pit. Instead of following the honest
way with a betting book, or putting his
money on the numbers of a roulette
wheel, he backed with thousands his
guesses on the price of wheat in the
future. He made nothing, he produced
nothing, he helped no other man to
make or produce. Simply and solely he
bet, and, like all other bettors, he lost
in the long run, kept none of his millions,
died a charity patient, and must be
buried by his friends.

Sometimes in the hard and narrow
minutes when one has to squeeze pretty
close to the wall to get along he feels
like doing as Nat Jones did, as old Hutch
did, as thousands of others have done
in the wheat pit and the Stock Ex-
change. But always the end is the same;
he who has little loses all. In love
it may be better to gamble and lose
than never to have gambled at all, but
in financial affairs it is a pretty sad
day when man or woman sits down and
tries to get joy out of the thought, "I
may be in the poorhouse, but once I
had a million."

IN A PRIMA DONNA'S TIGHTS.

A comic opera prima donna's colored
maid stole several things from her em-
ployer, including a pair of tight. When
arrested, she was wearing the stolen
symmetrical, and it was with great
sorrow she removed and returned them.
The value of the other articles she took
was considerable, but the most impor-
tant and indispensable of the lot was—
or should it be were?—the tight.

A comic opera prima donna without
tight is like a Venus de Milo without
her beard sticking out of a barrel—not worth
looking at. Most of the chorus girls
that set the Johnnies and their other
rivals in a flutter wouldn't win a smile
from a butcher's boy if they wore un-
diesha skirts, but put them in tight
and a bevy of peris isn't in it with them.

Probably the colored maid thought
that her mistress's tight would multiply
her dusky charms, but it was mean of
her to rob the prima donna of so thir-
tling and tall talemanic a pulchritudinous
prop.

TITLES AND A DYSPEPTIC.

A morning contemporary inveighs
against the custom of bestowing high-
sounding titles upon the officers of the
army, and the Legislature has incorpo-
rated the title of "General" in its list of
honorary titles. It pretends to find in such designa-
tions as "Grand High Potentate" or
"Most Worthy Chief Ruler" something
repugnant to the constitutional provi-
sion against the bestowal of any title
of nobility, but the point is, presum-
ably, that since the Legislature incorpo-
rates the title of "General" in its list of
honorary titles, it also grants the title.

Of course, the man who wrote this
piece of editorial scolding was one whose
dinner never agreed with him—one
whose digestion has never been pro-
moted by the rough and hearty rid-
ing of any secret society goat. If he
belongs to any order, it is undoubtedly
the Ancient and Incomprehensible Order
of Dyspeptics. And it is more than likely
that he is pressing his candidacy for
the position of "Grand High Potentate" or
"Most Worthy Chief Ruler" of the
order.

Out upon this fault-finder and his
diatribes! And long flourish the self-
satisfied and harmlessly vain nobility
of the secret society convalesce. There
isn't a man of them but is all the
better off for it, and deserves as his
daily and open affairs go, because his
little streak of human vanity and love
of the high-sounding is gratified
through a High and Mightyship in
some watched and warded meeting-
room, far from the ken of the uninitiated.

HOBOKEN ONE AHEAD OF CHICAGO.

A young man from Leipzig, brought to
this country by a wealthy Chicago
young woman, who wants to marry him,
has settled down to beer and frankfur-
ters, and "Was wollen sie haben?" in
Hoboken, and refuses to budge a step.
The young woman wants to take him to
Chicago where her property is, but he
says Hoboken is good enough for him
and he is going to stay there.

This level-headed Leipzig doesn't
know much his fiancée says, but he
seems to know enough to stay away
from Chicago. The Windy City is a
place for a young man unless he has
his intellect on dime novels and made
up his mind to go through life with a
brace of revolvers in his belt and a
trick robber's nonchalance in his mien.

Hoboken is a nice agreeable unex-
traordinary town, and the Leipzig will
do well to stick to it. It would improve
his Chicago fiancée, too, if she bade
good-bye to the city that is built on the
excitement plan and took up a quiet
home in Hoboken.

Seelye and Aymar stole from their bank
in New York for years, and nobody sus-
pected that anything was wrong. Hank
robbers in Plainfield, N. J., got away
with \$25,000 on Monday, and it became
known right away. These facts show
the advantage of working on the inside.

In the matter of their votes, by which
New York police reorganization failed
in the Senate yesterday, Robertson, Rey-
nolds and Coggeshall have to explain
either the inexplicable or worse.

In addition to being the Receptive
One, Gen. Harrison is henceforth to be
the Silent One. This is where he bor-
rows a point from Tom Reed to score
against Major McKinley.

Canning horseflesh for France is to
become a regular industry in the new
State of Washington. Canning bicycles
for the cannibals may be the next enter-
prise we will hear of.

No more gambling on the Produce Ex-
change. The law has enabled a vast num-
ber of undeserving and fraudulent claimants
to get on the pension list, and that agents
have "worked" the business for their
own enrichment, rather than for the
relief of the veteran. But when he said
the members of the Grand Army of the

WHY NOT?



Crocker—You investigate me and I'll investigate you.
Platt—I'll go you.

Evening World's Gallery of Living
Pictures.

maiden every nine years. This beast
demands as many every month. Brook-
lyn people give up their children with
great lightness of heart.

It seems plain that a great point will
have been gained for the Police Magis-
trates bill if Senator Lexow can be in-
duced to make no speech, but simply
vote in his favor.

The new Cup defender is reported as
"growing slowly." Which is to be set
down as quite the correct thing. Speed
is a consideration for something later
than construction.

The State Senate managed to do
even worse than waste the one hun-
dred and thirtieth day, since it turned
the hours into a period of deliberate
misdoing.

Weather Forecaster Dunn promises
us a very hot Summer, but we find
consolation in the fact that weather
prophecies, like dreams, generally go by
contraries.

Now, Mr. Mayor, that new Police
Board in its entirety, if you please.
You have had your waiting and your
faith—and the State Senate has done
the rest.

"The high price of beef; Secretary
Morton about convinced that it is due
to a combine." So? And what is At-
torney-General Olney's conviction on the
subject?

Why are Central Office detectives
hanging about the taleman in the Mc-
Laughlin trial? Why aren't they trail-
ing Alva Walsh's murderer?

Ex-President Harrison isn't in Cleve-
land's Cabinet, and still he says he has
nothing to say for publication on the
slight question.

The surest way to get money stolen
is to put it in a National bank whose
officers cannot see anything or anybody
at luncheon.

Nevertheless the police parade should
take place as usual. The declaration
that effect is not one to be reconsidered.

There is little consolation for New
York in the fact that five other League
clubs were also beaten yesterday.

Since yesterday, Monsieur Jean D'Oyle,
of the erstwhile Giants, has a large and
long desideratum mark to wipe out.

The betrayed people of New York
City will see to it that State Senate re-
organization does not fail.

Newspaper opposition to the people's
rapid transit road is simply the result
of generous space rates.

"G. A. R. men score Warburg." All
right. Now let it go at that. Street
cleaning is the thing.

Harrison, the Receptive One; Robert-
son, Reynolds and Coggeshall, the Re-
ceptive Three.

Lucky Baldwin isn't telling us any-
thing new when he says he is a pretty
bad egg.

The New York nine has lost another
game. Isn't it time to kill another um-
pire?

Alma may come over with the new
Valkyrie. She will be a welcome visitor.

This is the season of excuses and ex-
planations in local baseball.

White Warnings they make the street-
cleaners grow weary.

Lexow is rapidly getting down to his
right size.

Mr. Platt laughs last and joyously.

It is a Legislature with a past.

Alas! that Boston luck!

THEY MAKE THE SCHOOLS.

Nashville is the first city in the world for
hardwood lumber, and the largest mill-
ing city of the South.

Greenwich records show that for fourteen years
there has been an average of but twenty hours of
sunshine in London in December.

Among the names recently given to streets in
Paris appear: Taille, Goussard, Edmond About,
Monsieur, Guy de Maupassant and Octave Feuillet.

The Berlin Street Car Company paid \$200,000
into the treasury of the city for the privilege of
crossing the principal avenue. Under them London
at one point.

A new railroad uniting the Atlantic and Pacific
is nearly completed. It crosses the Andes and
brings Buenos Ayres within forty hours' travel of
Valparaiso.

Japan has a banking house that has been in
business without a break for over three hundred
years. The bank has now over thirty branches
and is the largest private bank in Japan.

Dr. George Russell, of Hartford, says that the
biggest chestnut tree in this country is on the
land of Whipple Green, of Mansfield. It is 25
feet 3 inches in girth four feet above the ground.

THE MODERN INQUINITY.

Not a sound was heard, not a rough or a sigh,
As we bade the dead man from the seasons.
Not a word was said, for we all knew why,
And needed no drug confessions.

We thought, as we took a last look at his face,
Of the fifty long years he had waited
While a jury was chosen to sit on his case,
And we thought it a trial indeed.

Lightly they talk of the supper created,
Of feasting or plain common sense.
Of floating twelve citizens, who've never seen,
Held or left of the current event.

Heard and said, we knew to the mode,
Will it last? Better ask of the winds,
Such a system as taught by our justice code
Is remnant to sensible mind.

LA TOUGHIE HANCOCK.

EDWARD M. BOYER.

This man has had an opportunity to impress
his characteristics upon the lives of over 12,000
children, whom he has had in his charge during
the past thirty years. Edward M. Boyer, Prin-
cipal of the Commercial School No. 2, is known by rep-
utation throughout the city. His school contains
the largest school library in the city. It is the
birthplace of military instruction in the public
schools, and is the home of the Business Men's
and Knowledge Alliance.

EDWARD M. BOYER.

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CAPTAIN PAUL.



This is the merry season when folks
take medicine for that tired feeling.
Poets say that in the Spring the birds
twitter in the sun and the air is
laden with the balmy perfume of nine
hundred and ninety-nine flowers. Poets
forget that tired feeling, but it is very
prevalent. The Spring theatrical attrac-
tions—worn-out remnants of a be-
trayed season—help to induce it. I
emerged from the Forest Theatre
yesterday, limp, lank and in-
expressibly weary after a tussle with
Edward E. Rose and Alfred M. De Lin-
sen's "Romance of the Sea," entitled
"Captain Paul," third act is inexcusable.
"Captain Paul" is a dreadfully noisy
melodrama written around a desperate
naval battle, which occurs in the third
act. It is an effective naval battle, but
it takes place so late that one has not
patience before it starts in. It is, more-
over, very treacherous and nerve-ag-
itating. A fellow in the din he
wants on Third Avenue, where there are
elevated railways and cable conveyances
in all their Wagnerian beauty. In a melo-
drama a dash of hubbub is not mis-
placed, but the dire brouhaha of "Cap-
tain Paul" third act is inexcusable.
Besides, it is quite unnecessary, and
doesn't help out in the story in the least.
The first two acts are almost uninter-
esting. Mr. Rose, who doesn't softly
blow, has told his story in such a very
complicated way that it has quite ob-
scured it. It is laid on the coast of
Brittany in the eighteenth century, and
from what I could make out Irene Ver-
ron, an American girl, and Marguerite,
a French maiden, are both going to be
wedded brides, when Capt. Paul, who
is one of those tireless heroes that de-
cline to give catastrophes full aver-
interfere, and challenges the two bride-
grooms to fight. You hear a good deal
about the Chateau d'Audrey, with its
rightful heir and its usurper, Capt. Paul,
who loves Irene (I don't admire his
taste), turns out to be the rightful
heir, but not before he has done some
very noble work in the naval battle as
commander of the American privateer
Ranger. I'm sorry I can't give you a
more lucid idea of the story, but I think
I have done very well considering the
fact that when I left the theatre the
only thing I carried away was a tym-
panum badly damaged by the noise.

Seriously, "Capt. Paul" needs no anal-
ysis. It is blood and thunder such as we
have had in the past, and it is con-
tinuous to diminish such plays contemptu-
ously with the words "It pleased the
gallery." I decline to do this, because,
as I have said a dozen times before, the
gallery people are no fools. They see
many more plays than the higher-priced
patrons of the theatre, and they can't
impose their own "Capt. Paul" is not
a good gallery play, or a good play of any
sort whatsoever.

The only thing in its favor is its ac-
tress. That is very nice. The beach
babe, with its rather
cheesy moon, is a singularly attractive
and the duchess of the Ranger is really
admirable. No better scene of its kind
has been displayed this season. The
company is bad, although the Rialto
teems with good actors unemployed.
The French words used throughout the
play are badly mispronounced.
The actors must have picked up their
Brittany accents in the Elysian Fields
of Hoboken. It is so absurd to employ
French names and French expressions,
and then calmly murder them. Some
day there will be grave international
complications on this account. Every
language is entitled to a certain
amount of respect. We are particularly
indignant when we hear of massacres
of our own.

The best member of the cast is Mr.
Tillman, who plays the heroic hero,
who has lithe turned on every
time he utters patriotic sentiments, and
waits for applause. The role is cheap
to lawdriness. I decline to mention any
of the others, except, perhaps, Frank
Dayton, who shows promise of better
things. Perhaps it wasn't the fault of
the comedy couple that they drew tears
instead of smiles. It was probably due
to the Rose, who doesn't softly bloom,
and his accomplice Mr. De Linsen.

ALAN DALE.

THE S. C. D. AND THE G. A. R.

The dandy G. A. R. of the well-known G. A. R.
is a highly honored member of the ancient G.
O. P.

He was in the Union war
Where he never got a scar.
And he doesn't care a darn for the G. A. R.

At the S. C. D. one day, in a casual sort of way,
The conversation turned upon the U. S. A.
And the seer of the slums
He uttered very wise words.
And pronounced the G. A. R. a set of "Pension
bums."

But the second in command of the D. P. W.
said:
Himself an honored member of the G. A. R. so
grand.
And the famous U. S. C.
He uttered eternal vengeance on the dandy S.
C. D.

Now 'tis said that if the swell S. C. D.
should
From dirty roads and sidewalks don't give the
town relief.
The G. A. R. is so grim
And so full of grief and vim
In all human probability will wipe the streets
with him.

An Unspendable Combination.

The announcement that Senator Quay, Tom Platt
and Gen. Clarkson have formed a political com-
bination to combat the next Republican National
Convention may be due to the vivid imagination
and fancy of some Presidential campaigner or it
may be true, but in any event the Republican
party is hardly likely to profit by the announce-
ment.—Syracuse Courier (Dem.)

UNDER THE MICROSCOPE.

(From Life.)

Professor Smith—I wonder what this brilliant
microscope built with wings and antennae can
be—let us examine it under